DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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MR. GLADSTONE AT WORK.

If this article were to be an exhaustive exposition of its title, and fully describe Mr. Gladstone at work, it would resolve itself into a minute description of every hour of the waking day. Mr. Gladstone is at work only once a day. But then it is all day long.

Heaven, in endowing him with intellectual qualities of the highest order, added the gift, rare in this combination, of incomparable bodily health. Of his more than seventy years of life, very few weeks have been filched from him by illness. This is an advantage to a man in any rank of life.

To a public man it is priceless. If we review the list of prominent public men throughout Europe and in the States, it will invariably be found that they are men of robust health. This is, of course, not because statesmanship is a peculiarly healthy avocation, but because only physically strong men can stand the wear and tear of public life.

"Gladstone, who was always fond of music, is now quite enthusiastic about negro melodies," Lord Malmesbury writes under date 1860, in his recently published memoirs. "He sings them with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring such as 'Camp Down Races.'" Mr. Gladstone has long ago abjured negro melodies, but this extract is strikingly illustrative of his disposition. Whatever he undertakes, he performs with the greatest spirit and enjoyment.

Some years ago he was smitten with the china mania. This ran through the period of the Parliament of 1868, when he was, or might have been thought to be, engrossed with such works as the Irish Church Bill, the Irish Land Bill, the Education Bill, and the Ballot Bill. But he found time to go on with the collection of china, pursuing a rare cup and saucer as if they were clauses of the Land Bill, upon the carrying of which he had set his heart. He had not only a collection of china, but one of the best in the possession of a private collector, and every piece he had himself secured.

His passion for felling trees is of world-wide renown. It is characteristic of him that he should take up this unusual method for recreation. Felling a tree, as any who have tried it will know, provides for two or three hours, according to girth, about as hard work as a man can put his hand to and this is the outdoor recreation which the Premier kindly takes to.

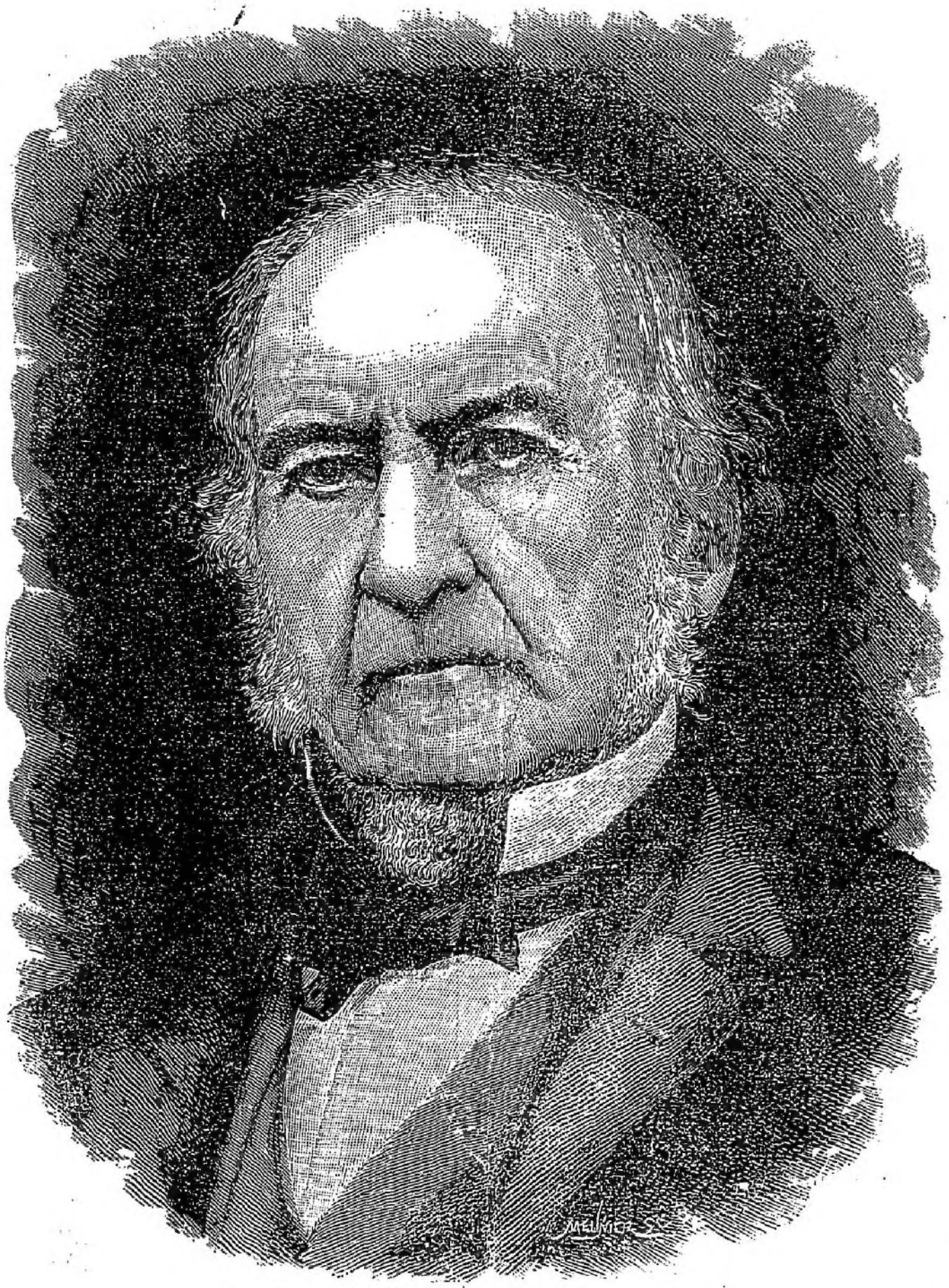
He never rides, does not shoot nor hunt. He walks with long strides and unfailing vigor. But with a trusty axe in his hand, coat and waistcoat off, trouser-band tightened, and braces looped at his side, he enjoys some intervals of rest.

Like all men of healthy organization, the Premier must have his reasonable allowance of sleep. He can do with eight hours, when he can get it, but his allowance rarely exceeds seven. When at home at Hawarden, he makes a point of going to bed before midnight, and is down with the regularity of clock-work at a quarter to eight. His first work is to walk over to the church in the neighboring village, of which his son is rector, where there is always early morning service. No vicissitudes of weather prevent him from fulfilling this duty.

Lord William Bentinck used to say of Mr. Bright that if he had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter. It is at least equally safe to assert that if Mr. Gladstone had not turned his attention to politics, he would have been a bishop, and in due course an archbishop.

Failing that, every Sunday morning when he is at Hawarden he walks out to the reader's desk in the parish church and gratifies a crowded congregation by reading the lessons for the day.

During the session of 1885, just before the adjournment for the Whitsun recess, Mr. Gladstone, as he sat upon the Treasury Bench, looked dead beat at last. Things were troublous at home and abroad. Negotiations with Russia were still proceeding to no visible end. Egypt was in a state of confusion; whilst in the House of Commons the free lances of the Opposition, encouraged by this dark look-out, had redoubled their personal attacks upon the Leader of the House,



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

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E.W.M. Power 15 Aug 86

drawing from him an eloquent and pathetic protest in the name of the liberty and dignity of the House of Commons. In addition to these troubles, he was suffering from a severe cold which made it painful and difficult for him to uplift his voice.

He was bound for Hawarden as soon as the House adjourned, and it might reasonably be expected that he would take the fullest opportunity of enjoying his rest. The House of Commons adjourned on the Thursday, and that same night the Premier slept amid the peace and rest of the woods that encircle Hawarden Castle. On the Sunday next he was standing at the desk reading the lessons as if this duty comprised the full labor of the week.

Whilst in the residence of Hawarden, whether in the long recess or during the briefer intervals at Easter or Whitsuntide, Mr. Gladstone takes what he is pleased to call a holiday—that is to say, he does not within the space of twenty-four hours do more work than an average of two men might think was a fair allotment for them jointly.

Apart from official labor, his correspondence is enormous. People write to him just as if he were the *Times*. He is, perhaps, a little too easily drawn, and is now suffering from indiscretions committed between 1874 and 1880. During that epoch time hung heavy on his hands. He had abandoned the leadership of the Liberal party, and declared that thenceforward he would devote himself to literary work.

But Mr. Gladstone was evidently unhappy. Not knowing what to do with a part of his leisure moments, he commenced a practice which soon provided sufficient work even for him. He began to correspond individually with the British nation.

It is true that with a stern resolve to limit particular opportunities, he did not go beyond the use of post-cards. But these he poured forth in endless profusion, and it is probable that before the Disraeli Parliament showed signs of tottering to its fall, one per-cent of the population of the British Isles was in possession of a post-card written by Mr. Gladstone.

In the autumn of 1879 his restless energy and his insatiable appetite for work were, it may be supposed, fairly satisfied. It was at this time he embarked upon what is already known in history as the Midlothian Campaign.

It was my fortune to accompany him through that memorable journey, and though long accustomed to witness his *tours de force* in the House of Commons, I was amazed at his tireless vitality. Take it for all in all, that was, I should say, the happiest three weeks of his life.

It was, in its way, almost paralleled during the winter session of 1882. This was specially summoned with the object of elaborating a scheme for the better conduct of Parliamentary proceedings, which threatened to come to a dead lock owing to the untamed activity of the obstructionists. Mr. Gladstone took the series of Resolutions in hand himself, carried them through preliminary stages by the force of irresistible eloquence, and then, night after night, fought word by word, and line by line, till the proposed resolutions were inscribed as Standing Orders.

Mr. Gladstone is, of course, assisted in his official correspondence by private secretaries. As Premier he has two, who find their hands pretty full in the course of the session. His official residence and work-shop are situated at No. 10 Downing Street, an eminently respectable, but somewhat dingy house in a *cul de sac* into which carriage entrance is obtained from Parliament Street. Sir Robert Walpole was the first English Premier who took this for his official residence. George II. offered to present it to him for his private use, but Sir Robert would accept it only upon condition that it should be a heritage for the Premier of the day. It is here the Cabinet councils are held.

At Hawarden the same solid simplicity is observable throughout the house, and in the library where Mr. Gladstone spends most of his time when within doors. But this room is richly furnished with books, a wall-covering for which one would cheerfully dispense with anything upholsterers could do. The large room, with its three windows and two fireplaces, is literally built about with book-cases. There are in this and other rooms over ten thousand volumes. It may be mentioned, in support of the foregoing contention as to what Mr. Gladstone might have been if he had not been a statesman, that a considerable proportion are theological works.

Mr. Gladstone's correspondence, official and more especially private, seems to increase as the days roll by! He is as methodical as he is energetic, and each day sees its measure of work accomplished. It would, of course, be impossible even for Mr. Gladstone personally to grapple with his correspondence, though he sees everything that is addressed to him. His secretaries open the letters, read them, fold them lengthwise, and endorse on the back the name of the writer, and the purport of his correspondence.

Occasionally he writes a letter in his own hand. But this is less frequent than befell in 1874 to 1880, for Mr. Gladstone's work daily increases, and as he has more than once pathetically reminded an incredulous House of Commons, his capacity for dealing with it is shrinking.—*Henry W. Lucy, in Youth's Companion.*

SUE'S CONVERT.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

Roger and Sue were excellent friends, but there was one point on which they differed, and just now the earnest discussion came near spoiling their afternoon's pleasure. They were both invited to a lawn tea-party, or lemonade-party, on the other side of the little river which separated them from Floy Garnett's home. Roger wished to take Sue in the "Arrow," in which they had more than one pleasant row together; but Sue, after stepping into the boat, insisted that Roger should take her to gather pond-lilies at a point in a directly opposite direction to Floy Garnett's.

"I told you I should not go to her party, and I shall not," she insisted. "I declined when she invited me, and she does not expect it. I shall get out and leave you to go alone, if you wish."

"That would spoil the party for me," said Roger.

"Well, it seems it has to be spoiled for some one. I told Floy if she persisted in having wine I could not come. 'Just as if you are obliged to take any!' she said. And when I told her it was not on that account, she said she should not alter her plan on any account."

"Don't you think you would show your firmness more by going and refusing wine than by staying away?"

"No. I have taken my stand never, never to have anything to do, in any way, with wine or any spirits. If I have any influence, no matter if ever so little, what I have shall be against it. And I wish you felt as I do about it."

"I don't expect to touch any," said Roger.

"No, but your presence sanctions it, so far as that goes. There is no one thing, I fully believe, in this world that is to-day the cause of as much sin and sorrow as drink. And to hear good men talk, even some of them I've heard in prayer-meeting, you would think there was no help for it. Now I think there ought to be a law against selling and against drinking just as much as against murder. For it is the very same thing, often and often. And the only way I see is for those who do see the evil to stand like a rock against it. So I say I will never give my influence in any way or shape toward it."

"That's a good temperance lecture, Sue. Pity you hadn't a larger audience."

"I should have if I could convert you. The influence of one boy would count more than you can tell, if you were strong, and always strong, against it. I don't see how any one who reads the daily papers can fail to believe and act as I do."

"Let us go for water-lilies," said Roger. And they did.—*National Temperance Almanac.*

PARENTS AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The Sunday-school teacher's work is, as a general thing, a free gift from love to Christ and souls, and all the more of a blessing for such a reason.

Very frequently there are parents who seem to think they confer a favor upon the teacher when they allow their children to attend school; and very, very frequently it is that parents simply permit, and that is all; they take no interest in and give no aid to the school or teacher. This ought not to be! Parents should help the teacher. The Sunday-school teacher but supplements the work of the Christian home. Therefore,

Parents should cultivate a personal interest in and acquaintance with the teacher of their children. Such a course will both encourage and strengthen teacher and scholar.

Parents should interest themselves in the lessons of their children, enquire about them, talk about them, so far as possible, study them, and show to their children that they are watching their course. It is a most excellent plan for parents to question their children about the lesson, and thus help fix in the child's mind what the teacher has sought to impress.

The parent should provide the child with all needed helps, books, maps, etc. Every parent should give his child a good, well-bound reference Bible, for his own. One of the small evils of the "International Series" is the formation of the habit of bringing question books or quarterlies or lesson leaves, instead of the Bible, to the school. Let the boys and girls all have Bibles, and bring them to church and Sunday-school.

Parents should avoid all criticisms of the teacher in the presence of their children. —*Rev. Smith Baker.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 22.

WARNING TO JUDAS AND PETER.—John 13: 21-28.

COMMIT VERSES 30-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Under the best influences men may fall.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 13: 18-38.
T. Matt. 26: 21-35.
W. Mark 14: 18-31.
Th. Luke 22: 21-38.
F. 1 John 3: 1-24.
Sa. 1 John 4: 1-21.
Su. John 18: 1-27.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6th, A.D. 30. The same time as the last lesson.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—With vs. 21-26,—Matt. 26: 21-25; Mark 14: 18-21; Luke 22: 21-23. With vs. 36-38,—Matt. 26: 30-35; Mark 14: 26-31; Luke 22: 31-38.

INTRODUCTION.—After the washing of the disciples' feet Jesus reclines again at the table, and the Passover supper continues, while Jesus converses with his disciples.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

21. JESUS TROUBLED IN SPIRIT: indignation and grief that one for whom he had done so much should be so wicked, and lose his soul,—a type of many others. 22. LOOKED ONE ON ANOTHER: and asked, "Lord, is it I?" Luke 22: 23; Matt. 26-22. Each one thought of himself, not his neighbors. 23. WHOM JESUS LOVED: John himself. 26. TO WHOM I SHALL GIVE A SOP: some of the unleavened bread dipped in a sauce of bitter herbs. The head of the table was accustomed to give this to all, and so John only knew what this giving the sop to Judas at this moment meant. 31. NOW IS THE SON OF MAN GLORIFIED: his death, by which he was to have the glory of redeeming the world was to be the next morning, and he would soon be with the Father, on his throne in heaven. 33. WHITHER I GO YE CANNOT COME: they must stay in the world a little longer to do their work. But in time he would take them to himself, v. 31 (14: 3.) 36. THOU SHALT FOLLOW ME AFTERWARDS: he not only went to Jesus, but by way of the cross. 38. See the fulfilment in John 18: 16-27.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When and where was our last lesson? How is the present lesson connected with it?

SUBJECT: TWO FAILURES.

I. THE TRAITOR,—A TOTAL FAILURE (vs. 21-30).—Why was Jesus troubled in spirit? Which one of the disciples was a traitor? What had Jesus done for him that should have made him good? If people become bad now, must it be against many good influences? What are some of them? How did the disciples receive the announcement of Jesus? (v. 22; Matt. 26: 22.) How did Jesus point out to John who it was? Who entered into Judas after this? What does this mean? What were the effects?

Who is mentioned in striking contrast with Judas? (vs. 23.) In what way may we be disciples whom Jesus loves? With what spirit are such persons filled? (John 16: 7, 13.)

II. THE NEW COMMANDMENT (vs 31-35.)—How was the Son of Man to be glorified? What commandment did Jesus give his disciples? Why is it called a new commandment? Is it easy to obey? What things does it forbid? What things would it lead you to do? What mark distinguishes Christians from the world?

How was God glorified in Christ? Why did he call his disciples little children? Is love the only badge that marks Christians as different from the world? Would it be good to have them distinguished by dress or badges? Had there never before been a commandment to love one another. (Lev. 9: 18.)

III. THE IMPETUOUS DISCIPLE,—A PARTIAL FAILURE (vs. 36-38).—Where was Jesus going that his disciples could not follow him? (vs. 33, 36.) Would they follow him there some time? (John 14: 3.) What did Peter think he could do? (v. 37.) How could he be so mistaken about himself? What did Jesus say to him? When did he do as Jesus said? (John 18: 1-27.) Did Peter repent of his act? Did Judas' act prove that he was not a Christian? Did Peter's prove that he was not? What was the difference? Who alone can keep us from falling?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. The sins of God's professed people bring sorrow to his heart.

II. Men may grow bad under the best influences.

III. It is blessed to be a disciple whom Jesus loves.

IV. We may be such, (1) by loving him; (2) by living near him; (3) by cherishing a lovely character.

V. We can put ourselves under the influences of Satan or of the Holy Spirit, and the choice will be followed by corresponding results and rewards.

VI. Love is the great law of the Christian life.

VII. True Christians sometimes fall, but they quickly repent and do deeds meet for repentance.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 29.

JESUS COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES.—John 14 1-14.

COMMIT VERSES 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.—John 14: 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ gives comfort and strength to those who believe in him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 14: 1-14.
T. John 14: 15-31.
W. Rev. 21: 1-27.
Th. Rev. 22: 1-21.
F. Rom. 10: 1-15.
Sa. Eph. 3: 8-21.
Su. Matt. 7: 7-11.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, A.D. 30. Directly after our last lesson.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

PLACE IN THE OTHER GOSPELS.—Matt. 26, between vs. 29 and 30; Mark 14, between vs. 25 and 26; Luke 22, between vs. 38 and 39.

INTRODUCTION.—Just after the close of our last lesson Jesus instituted the Lord's supper, and then held a long confidential talk with his disciples at the table. To-day's lesson is a portion of this discourse.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. TROUBLED: by his death soon to follow, and the power of their enemies, and their own weakness. IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE, i.e., heaven, God's home. Perhaps it includes the universe. MANY MANSIONS: dwelling-places, enough for all; a variety suited to all. I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU: he will be still working for them though they do not see him. 4. YE KNOW: by remembering what he had taught them. 6. I AM THE WAY: to the Father, and to his heavenly home. He is the way: (1) his life and character revealed to them the Father's life and character; (2) his words taught them about the Father; (3) his atonement prepared the way, so that all can go; (4) his character drew men to himself to love and obey him, and thus drew them to the Father; (5) by giving spiritual life. 9. HE THAT HATH SEEN ME HATH SEEN THE FATHER: because he was the express image of the Father. Whatever he was, or did, or said was from the Father. 12. GREATER WORKS THAN THESE SHALL HE DO: more healing of sickness; more sight to the blind. More help to men has come through Christianity than Christ gave on earth; more disciples are made than he made. His Gospel has made greater triumphs, wonderful conversions, nations brought to Christ. BECAUSE I GO UNTO MY FATHER: by his atoning death he makes these triumphs. He is the mighty Prince in heaven working in all his church, abiding with his disciples, and not an humble teacher. Men now see him in his glory, and are drawn to him. 13. IN MY NAME: as my representatives, in my service, as my *loving friends seeking my will.*

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was our last lesson about? Where were Jesus and his disciples? What great sacrament of religion was instituted between the last lesson and this?

SUBJECT: SOURCES OF COMFORT AND STRENGTH.

I. COMFORT THROUGH FAITH (v. 1).—What troubles were threatening the disciples at this time? How would faith in God give the comfort? How would faith in Jesus bring comfort?

II. COMFORT FROM AN ASSURANCE OF HEAVEN (vs. 2, 3).—What was his Father's house? What are the many mansions? What comfort in the knowledge that they are many? To what does Jesus refer when he speaks of going? How did he prepare a place for us? What is meant by his coming again? How do these things comfort us?

III. COMFORT FROM CHRIST AS THE WAY TO THE FATHER (vs. 4-11).—Where was Christ going? What is meant by his being the way? The way where? How is he the truth? How the life? Show how it is that those who have seen Jesus have seen the Father. (Heb. 1: 3.) What is his argument in v. 13? What do we learn about God's character and works from Jesus?

IV. COMFORT FROM THE POWER OF JESUS WORKING IN THEM (v. 12).—What works are referred to here? What promise does he make to those who believe? Why is it only to believers? How has this promise proved true? What comfort to us is this?

V. COMFORT IN THE PROMISE TO ANSWER PRAYER (vs. 13, 14).—What promise does Jesus make? On what conditions? Is all true prayer answered? In what ways? How is this a comfort?

SOURCES OF COMFORT.

I. Faith in God as the good, wise, loving controller of all things.

II. Faith in Jesus as our Teacher, Guide, Saviour, and King.

III. The assurance of a home in heaven.

IV. A Saviour who is the Way, the Truth, and the life.

V. A knowledge of God's character and works in Jesus Christ.

VI. An ever-present Saviour working in us mightily.

VII. The assurance of an answer to our prayers.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MARRIED PEOPLE WOULD BE HAPPIER

If home troubles were never told to a neighbor.

If expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would remember the other was a human being, not an angel.

If each were as kind to the other as when they were lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy house dresses.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private.

If men would remember that a woman cannot be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, would not let her carry so much as a sunshade.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

KITCHEN ECONOMIES.

The success of housekeeping does not depend entirely upon one's ability to cook. A knowledge of how to care for things after they are made is of just as much consequence as to know how to make them, and the economies are well served by knowing also how to care for the utensils that you are compelled to use about your cookery and other housekeeping duties. Take the refrigerator, for instance; how important it is that it should be kept sweet and clean. It should be examined every day, and washed thoroughly at least once a week; in the summer it should be done oftener. If a suitable brush cannot be had, a long stiff wire with a bit of cloth on the end should be used to clean the drain pipe; it is well to pour boiling washing soda water through it every other day, and wash the slime that adheres to the water pan. When cooked food is placed in the ice chest, it should be perfectly cool, otherwise it will absorb an unpleasant flavor from the close atmosphere of the place. Fish, onions, cheese, any strong vegetables, lemons, or meat not perfectly sweet, should not be kept in the same ice box with milk and butter. Cheese is best kept by being wrapped in a piece of clean linen and placed in a box. The best tub butter will keep perfectly well if in a cool, sweet room. It is much better economy, as well as more satisfactory, to buy good, sweet, honest tub butter, to use for all purposes, than to buy a fancy article at fancy prices, for the table, and an inferior article for cooking purposes. Indeed, it is no economy ever to use poor butter in cooking. It spoils the taste of everything into which it is put, for it always insists upon recognition, and nothing can disguise it. Besides, it is unhealthy, and from its use the digestion, as well as the taste, is offended. If, from any cause, your good butter becomes rancid, to each pint of it add one tablespoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of soda, and mix well. Then add one pint of cold water and set it on the fire until it comes to the boiling point. Now set it away to cool, and when cold and hard, take off the butter in a cake. Wipe dry and put away for cooking purposes. You will find that it is perfectly sweet.

Meat should not be put directly on the ice, as the water will draw out the juices. It is on the same principle, you see, that governs soap making—cold water to extract the juices. Always place it in a dish, and this may be set on the ice. When you have a refrigerator where the meat can be hung, a dish is not needed; but, as these large ice chests are not in common family use, the way of treating meat just described will be usually necessary. There should be in every pantry a number of plates that are to be used especially for holding cold food. No dish from the dining room should ever be allowed in the pantry, and a supply of kitchen plates is thus necessitated. The fat trimmings from beef, pork, veal, chickens and fowl should be tried out while fresh and then strained. The fowl and chicken fat should be kept in a pot by itself for shortening and delicate frying. Many people use ham fat for cooking purposes, and when there is no objection to the flavor, it is nice for frying eggs, potatoes, etc. But it should not be mixed with other kinds of fat, it should be kept quite by itself. The fat from mutton, lamb, geese, turkey, or ducks will give an unpleasant flavor to anything with which it is used, and the best place for it is with the soap grease. Any uncooked fat, such as suet, the fat from chickens and all superfluous beef fat should be saved and clarified, that is, made pure and clear. Cut the fat into small pieces, cover with cold water, and cook over a slow fire until the fat has melted and the water nearly all evaporated. Then strain and press the fat from all the scraps. When cool, remove the cake of hard fat, or, if soft, draw it to one side and let the water underneath run off. It is well, in clarifying fat to cut a raw potato in thin slices, and add; it absorbs any odors or gases, and clears the fat very much as charcoal purifies water. This clarified fat, or, as it is popularly termed, drippings, answers for a great many purposes in cooking, such as frying, sauteing, basting most meats, greasing pans, and even for shortening gingerbread and plain pastry.—*Household.*

SABBATH REST FOR WOMEN.

The woman who does her work, generally does more than double the work of a servant, for not only does she do the servant's work, but she plans and manages, contrives and saves, darns and mends, sews and knits, nurses the baby, and minds the children day and night. A woman with little children never knows a night's sound rest, for besides being frequently wakened and losing sleep her sleep is not sound and refreshing like that of the servant-girl who is care free. How much she needs the Sabbath rest she never gets! I attribute much of women's ill-health, weakness and shattered intellects to want of rest. Observe them closely and you will find their memories are no longer bright and tenacious. They have lost the ability to concentrate their minds or follow consecutive thought. But are women the only sufferers? If great men always have superior women for mothers, can we expect women so jaded to become mothers of men with vigorous minds?

When God said, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," the law was meant for beings created in God's image, and women are included as well as men. Now, the great, practical question is, How shall women rest one day in seven? Shall we fast? Scarcely. I see no other solution of the problem than to agitate the question and arouse men's consciences until they become content with less service and willing to share the burdens that must be borne. My own experience first led me to think and observe upon the subject. I have often spoken of it to others. Few seemed to comprehend it, and fewer were sensitive regarding it. Tennyson says, "Things seen are greater than things heard." I know that things felt are greater than things seen, and my object in writing to you is to urge you to use your influence and the influence of your position to induce men and women to think and reform in respect to women's work on the Sabbath, and I pray God to give you life and strength and zeal for His service, and that He will bless your efforts.
—*Mary B. Clark, in N. Y. Witness.*
Columbus, Neb.

CLEAN YOUR CARPETS.

On this subject a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says: "I have never, during my twenty years of housekeeping, had a moth of any description; and attribute my immunity to the use of turpentine. After each of my carpets is well swept, it is at once gone over with the following mixture: To three quarts of pure cold water add three tablespoonfuls of turpentine. In this thoroughly saturate a sponge, squeeze about two-thirds dry, and go over each breadth separately, and in all the corners. As often as the water becomes soiled, take a fresh supply. You will be surprised to see how beautifully it will cleanse your carpets, besides being one of the best disinfectants. My father, an eminent physician, always had this practised in his family, and we were never troubled with fevers any more than with moths."

The *World* adds the following suggestion: "When a carpet does not require to be lifted from the floor it may be much brightened and improved by first sweeping thoroughly, and then going over it with a clean cloth and clear water containing about two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to two-thirds of a bucket of water. An occasional thorough sweeping with salt assists in keeping the carpets free from dust."

CARE OF LAMPS.

Are not some of the sisters about this season of the year, wondering what causes the kerosene lamp to give out such strong and offensive odors?

Let such sufferers look closely to the burners, and see if the wick tube is not black with accumulated wick smut and oil. To remedy such offenders, take out the burner, remove the wick, and thoroughly wash in boiling water and soap; then with a little sapolio on a cloth rub the wick tube till it is perfectly freed from all traces of black. Put back the burner and then insert the wick from the top. By so doing you avoid twisting the wick, and it will not annoy you by refusing to come up when required.

Now to keep the lamps free from oil on the outside. Never leave the wick above the top of the wick tube. A drop of kerosene oil will run a mile if it only has something to climb by, and no matter how perfectly your lamp may have been cleaned, by leaving the wick turned up ready for lighting, enough oil will have climbed up to smear not only the outside of the lamp, but, if the room has been warm, will probably have left its mark on mat or stand.

TO BOIL A HAM.

Brush the ham thoroughly with a dry brush, removing every particle of dust or mould. Soak for an hour in cold water and then wash thoroughly; with a very sharp knife shave off cleanly the hardened surface from the face and butt of the ham; put it over the fire in cold water and let it come to a moderate boil, and keep it steadily at this point, allowing it to cook twenty minutes for every pound of meat. A ham weighing twelve pounds will need to boil for four hours. This time should never be cut short. Most cooks serve boiled ham underdone.

If the ham is to be sent to the table hot, remove the skin, which will readily peel off when boiled as directed. Dish with the fat side up, upon which dredge black pepper in spots. Stick in also whole cloves and bits of cinnamon. If, however, the ham is to be served cold, allow the joint to remain in the pot, after it is removed from the fire, for several hours, until the water in which it has been cooked is cold; then dish as before suggested.

A CORNER CLOSET.

"Where it is necessary to have every-day hats, over-coats, umbrellas, etc., in the sitting or dining-room, this corner closet will be found a convenient place for shielding them from view and protecting them from dust; besides, it is often an improvement to the appearance of the room. A triangular board is fastened in the corner at the proper height, and a curtain made of cretonne, or dark Canton flannel, hung from it on a piece of stout wire and brass rings. A number of hooks are placed on each side of the closet and a narrow band across the bottom, to keep the rubbers in. A pocket is made for the umbrellas, canes, etc., and tacked in the corner. An old straw hat, gilded or painted, is placed on the top, filled with grasses and cat-tails."

A MOTHER asks some one to tell her how to bring up her child in the fear of God. She said the child was very passionate, self-willed, etc., and she did not know how to manage her. I will relate for her benefit my own experience with a dear daughter that was called away twelve years since. When about two years of age she took to crying at everything that disturbed her in any way, and would cry excessively. I tried different ways to control her, but they did not have the desired effect. At length, at my accustomed hour of prayer, I took her with me and prayed with and for her, making her kneel in front of me with my hand on her head. I taught her to pray for herself. After this, every night, if she was crying ever so hard, she would stop and never let me go to my room without her. I was careful to speak the truth to her, and encouraged her to do so under all circumstances. Her school teacher used to say he could always trust her word. I had the pleasure of seeing her grow up to love and fear her Heavenly Father, and to give herself to Christ in covenant vows at the age of thirteen.—*M. J. Tuthill, in N. Y. Witness.*

MISS ELLICE HOPKINS, in an introductory preface to an excellent little book entitled "Three Courses for Threepence," says: "There are some faint signs of the great cooking problem being attacked in our girls' schools. The question is beginning to dawn upon us: What advantage is it to a working man that his wife should know the names and heights of all the mountains in Europe, if he himself dwells in a dead level of bad cooking and thriftless meals? How much of the drinking habits of our people is due to their miserable, badly-cooked food, the absence of home comfort in the tasty, well-prepared meal, and the longing in the master of the house to wash his mouth out at the public house after such poor, ill-tasting fare?"

FARINA JELLY.—Boil one quart of new milk; whilst boiling, sprinkle in slowly a quarter of a pound of farina. Continue the boiling from half an hour to a whole hour. Season with five ounces of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. When done, turn into a mould, and place it on ice to stiffen. Serve it with whipped cream.

PUZZLES.

SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS.

"I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I never saw so noble."

"But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

"She has brown hair, and
Speaks small like a woman."

"He plays o' the viol-de-gambo,
And speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good Gifts of Nature."

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes
Misprising what they look on."

"O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd,
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce."

A MARINE SUBSTANCE.

My first is in calm, but not in strife;
My second is in death, but not in life;
My third is in danger, but not in harm;
My fourth is in harp, but not in psalm;
My fifth is in eager, but not in bold;
My sixth is in paid, but not in sold;
My seventh is in coarse, but not in fine;
My eighth is in bright, but not in shine;
My ninth is in peg, and also in tine;
My whole is a marine substance.

OCTAGON PUZZLE.

1. To hit gently with the hand. 2. One who drinks to excess. 3. A cetaceous fish. 4. To pacify. 5. Conducted. 6. Ascended. 7. A boy's nickname.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

1. Take a pronoun from a bed covering and leave to establish.
2. Take a deed from habit and leave value.
3. Take an edge from an archbishop and leave his head.
4. Take cause from disloyal and leave an article of furniture.
5. Take a prayer from a legal notice and leave a domestic animal.
6. Take a relative from fluttering and leave a toss.
7. Take a propellor from loud crying and leave an ornament.
8. Take the best part of anything from shrieking and leave to carol.
9. Take a highway from to increase in breadth and leave a Scotch mountain.
10. Take a lake from the act of moving from place to place and leave a wash.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

HISTORICAL MEN.—1. Alfred the Great; 2. Louis Kossuth; 3. Fernando De Soto; 4. George Stephenson.

BATCH OF TENS.—ANAGRAMS.—1. Relenting; 2. counters; 3. distance; 4. entrusted; 5. entries; 6. heartens; 7. neither; 8. painted; 9. silently; 10. whitens; 11. enlisted; 12. pretence.

A TURRET.—Minaret.

CONCEALED ARTICLES.—1. Boiler; 2. urn; 3. tureen; 4. knob; 5. mat; 6. ladle; 7. fork.

The Family Circle.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

I.

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

II.

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;" and her face grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

III.

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—and his accents pierced her heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I still must do it; Curfew, girl, must ring to-night!"

IV.

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,
As in undertone she murmured, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

V.

With quick step she bounded forward, sprang within the old church-door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro:
As she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night.

VI.

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

VII.

Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a speck of light below;
'Twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and, with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

VIII.

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; but the brave deed she had done
Should be told long ages after;—often as the setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty, aged sires, with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children, "Curfew did not ring that night."

IX.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eye with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" said Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO WARREN BURNHAM.

BY ROSE CARTER.

"How icy the roads are!" exclaimed Farmer Jackson, as he looked out of the window one cold winter morning, and then turning to his hired man, who was just starting for the barn: "Be careful and not slip down, Ned; I understood that Warren Burnham fell on the ice last night and hurt his back."

"Did he?" said Ned with a stare; it was a habit he had of asking over when anything was said to him, though he could hear just as well the first time as he could the second.

"I said so," returned the farmer, and Ned, without waiting to hear more, trudged off to the barn.

It was his day to carry the milk, so in a few minutes the horse was harnessed, and after loading in the milk-cans and collecting those of three or four neighbors, he started on his long drive of nearly four miles to the station where the milk was to be unloaded. He was not very early, however, and as there were several teams ahead of him he was obliged to wait a few minutes. So he drove up alongside of Will Turner to have a little talk with him and hear the news, for Will always knew everything that was going on, and could tell more news in five minutes than 'most anybody else could in an hour.

"I suppose you knew Henry Howard's children were having the measles," he began, as Ned drove up; "three girls and one boy all down at once, and Henry had to leave his work to help his wife take care of them. I don't suppose he'd mind very much if he did; he is not over-fond of work any way. I've heard people say if he liked his work more and his wine less, 'twould be better for him and other folks too."

"Do you mean to say that Henry Howard drinks?" queried Ned.

"Well, I don't know; folks say he does. But I guess he's doing better since he worked for Watson."

"Is he?"

"Yes; but he's only been there a few weeks, since Watson's boy went West."

"Went West?" repeated Ned—that was his habit, you know.

"Yes; didn't you know it? But what's the news down your way? Come, I'm not getting as much as I give."

Thus accosted, Ned replied with due moderation, "Well, I don't think of nothing very special, only they say Warren Burnham has slipped on the ice and broke his back!"

"Mercy! I should think that was enough," ejaculated Will; but he could make no further enquiries, for the teams which had thus far kept them waiting had now gone, and there was no time to lose.

Will unloaded his milk, and the next place he stopped at was the grocery store. After purchasing a few little articles he remarked, "I suppose you've heard about Warren Burnham?" Will always said "I suppose you've heard," when he had any great news to tell people, although, of course, he was pretty sure they hadn't.

The grocer shook his head, and Will went on: "He fell and broke his back, I heard; if that's so I don't suppose he'll ever get over it."

"Well, I declare! that's a bad business," remarked the grocer with a serious face.

The new customer, as soon as Will had gone, was Fannie Shipley, a little girl about twelve years of age, who had been sent by her mother for a pound of tea. "Look here, Fannie," said the man as he handed her the package, "tell your father that Mr. Warren Burnham, over at South Point, has had a fall and broken his back, and isn't expected to live, I believe your father used to know him, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir; he was a schoolmate of his, I think," replied Fannie. So saying she went out of the store and tripped along toward the post-office. Just as she was about to enter, whom should she see coming out but her father.

"Oh, papa! stop a minute," she cried.

"Well, what do you want, Fannie? Be quick, for you know I am going to the city on business, and it's almost train-time now," he added, pulling out his watch.

"I was only going to tell you what Mr. Martin, the grocer, said. He told me that Mr. Warren Burnham has had a bad fall and broken his back, and they don't think he'll live long."

"Why Fannie, now you say! Poor Warren! But there, I must go or the cars will go without me." And he was none too soon; he had barely time to purchase his ticket and get aboard when the engine shrieked and the long passenger-train glided out of the village.

Mr. Shipley chose a comfortable seat and took out his newspaper, but he kept thinking so much about the disaster which had befallen his old school-mate that he could not read, so presently he said to the man who sat beside him, "Have you heard anything about that man that got hurt up at South Point, Mr. Thornton?"

"No; who was it?"

"Well, his name is Warren Burnham; I used to go to school with him when he was a boy."

"I guess I don't know him; how did he get hurt?"

"He fell, I heard, and broke his back. They don't expect him to live but a few hours."

"Well, well!" exclaimed his listener, "it's awful, isn't it? I always hate to hear of such accidents; it must be pretty hard for his family, if he has any, and I presume he has."

"Yes, he has a wife and three children; I don't know how they'll bear it, I'm sure."

Shortly after this conversation, Mr. Thornton changed his seat for one a little nearer the fire, and sat down near an elderly woman in a sealskin sacque, who remarked fretfully, "What time is it, please? I think we are going dreadfully slow; it seems as though we would never get to N——."

"It is not time to be there yet," said Mr. Thornton, consulting his watch; "and we are going as fast as usual. What is your hurry?"

"Hurry enough," she answered peevishly, "when I've got a boy at home with a broken leg, and he worrying all the time for his mother!"

"Oh, well, there are worse things than a broken leg even," said Mr. Thornton soothingly. "Why, just think of that man that broke his back; they said he couldn't live but a few minutes, so I don't suppose he's alive now."

"What man? I hadn't heard anything about it," returned the woman.

"His name is Burnham—Warren Burnham—so Mr. Shipley told me; he lived up at South Point. I don't know him."

This gave the discontented mother a new topic to think of, and when a few minutes later she got off at N—— station, she was saying to herself, "Yes, I surely do believe it must have been Arthur Burnham's brother; I'll just stop and tell him on my way home; but I presume he's heard of it before this."

Accordingly, she stepped up to the door of Arthur Burnham's house, and being met by him at the door, she said quickly; "Have you heard about your brother up at South Point?"

Mr. Burnham looked surprised. "Warren? No; what about him?"

"They say he is dead," said the woman, in a tone of awe.

"Warren dead? How sudden! It can't be; are you sure?"

"Oh, yes; it came straight enough; I don't think there's any doubt about it. Broke his back, they said—but I must hurry home and see to poor Jimmy;" and off she went.

"Well, I declare! How dreadful—how sudden! I must go right up on the next train and see what I can do for his folks. I should have thought I'd had a telegram before this, but I suppose they're so busy they haven't had time."

It was only a few minutes before the up-train would start out, but Mr. Burnham lost no time in getting ready, and was one of the first to get aboard. It was a sad ride for him, and though his companions talked and laughed around him, he was still thinking of his only brother lying cold and white in his last sleep. As soon as he reached the station, he procured a team at a livery-stable and the four miles of road were soon gone over which brought him to his brother's house.

Hardly had he tied his horse when the door opened and out came, what?—who?—why it actually was Warren himself!

Mr. Arthur Burnham was too much surprised to speak till his brother called out: "Why, Arthur, how are you? I didn't think of seeing you."

"There must have been some mistake," said Arthur, recovering himself a little, "I heard you had broken your back and been killed."

"Me?" said Warren in astonishment, "however could such a story get round?" Then, after thinking a few minutes, he said he did remember telling Neighbor Jackson that he had slipt on the ice and came near hurting his back, and by the time it had been told over a few times it would be quite another thing, of course.

If people must tell everything they hear they might at least tell it as they heard it. Because if everyone who repeats a piece of news makes even a slight variation, by the time it has been reported throughout a community it becomes quite materially changed.—*N. Y. Witness.*

WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER.

Young ladies, do not give up your studies as soon as you have finished school. Prove that your diplomas have been earned by evincing a willingness to continue some mental exertion. It is not what you have learned at school that is going to benefit you; it is the discipline through which you have passed, the powers which you have developed, and the attempts to use them advantageously. Do not, at this early age, imagine that the climax is reached, and that your store of knowledge is sufficient to carry you through the world; that because you have graduated at the head of your class you have accomplished all that can be expected of you. You have really only made a beginning, and it is now that you are most susceptible to improvement. I am not advocating the idea that you should be blue stockings; but I wish I could impress it upon the minds of every one of you that an hour passed each day in some useful study or reading—with the attention riveted upon the matter in hand—will do wonders toward keeping your mind from stagnation. Perhaps you are pretty and winsome, and such a favorite in society that you think there is no need of cultivating yourself further. Do not be flattered into believing this. To all there comes a time of decay; and right here let me tell you something: Age has not so many friends as youth. Beauty fades. The body yields to disease and decay; but a mind made strong by proper vigorous exercise, resists the ravages of time and disease. It is the only connecting link between youth and old age. It will bring you love, sympathy and respect. If you look about you, and see how joyless are the lives of many old people, you will think it worth while to cultivate every grace which will assist in making a happy old age. Do not then, as soon as your school days are over, throw aside your books with joy, thinking how happy you are "to be done with them;" but rather add to your store of books, at least to your store of knowledge. The languages, the sciences, literature, the arts, all invite you. Surely, if your school work has been earnestly done, you must have developed a taste for something. Spend a little time each day in vigorous mental discipline. You will be the brighter for it; you will have a higher respect for yourself, and your friends will admire you. When the time comes for you to have a home of your own, those who share it with you will find you the more companionable, and in the future your children will bless you for it.—*M. G. B. in the Wisconsin.*

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

1. The 4,000 saloons of San Francisco take in daily an average of $10.00 each; how many dollars are paid daily in that city for liquor?

2. There are about 600,000 drunkards in the United States. How many cities of 40,000 inhabitants each would these drunkards form?

3. In the city of Oakland, "the Athens of California," are 200 saloons. If every saloonist sells 40 drams a day, how many drams are drunk daily?

THE WONDERFUL BAOBAB; OR PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN TREES.

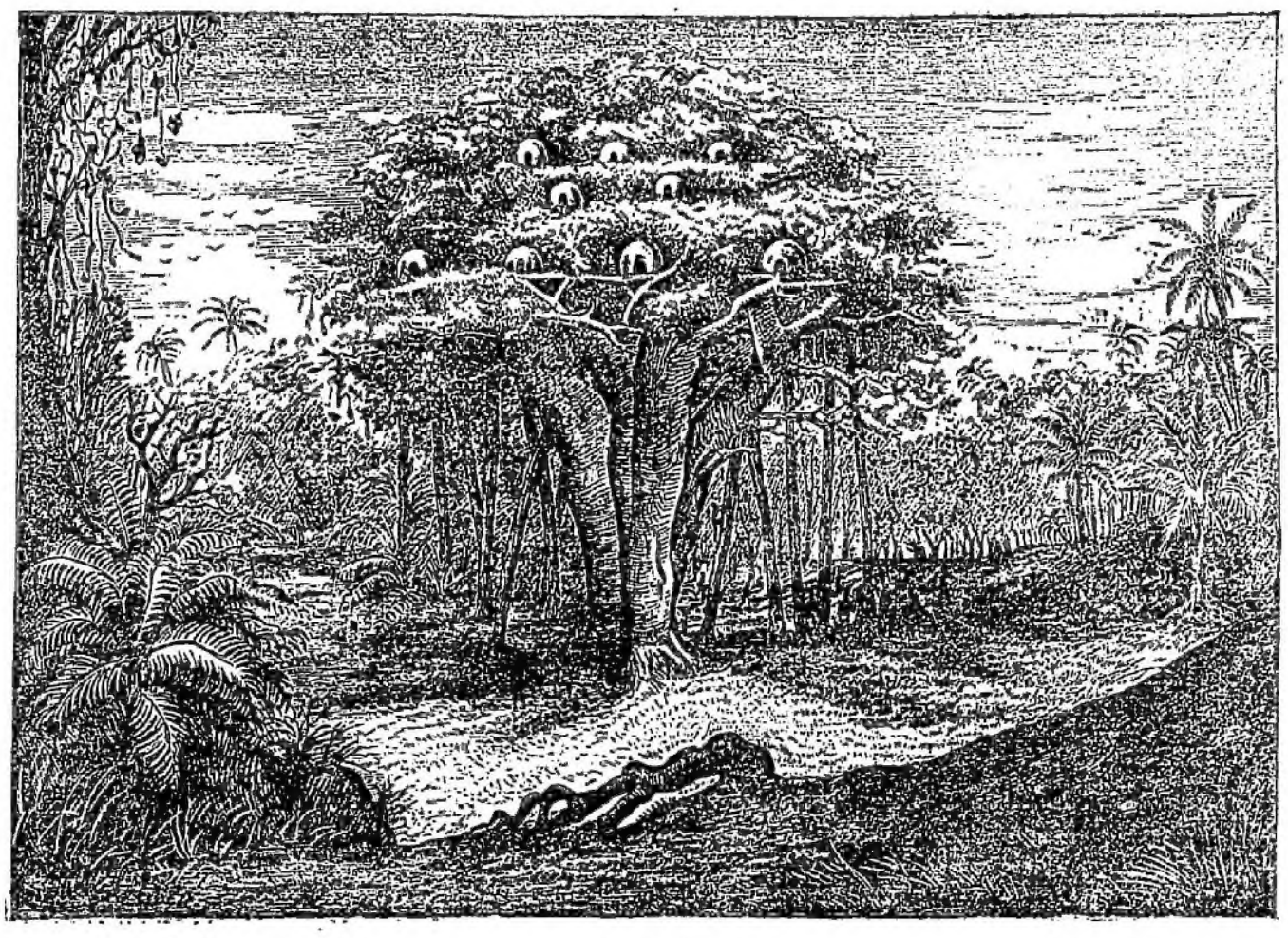
We read wonderful stories of the immense trees one sees in California, but they all sink into insignificance beside the Baobab tree which I found in many parts of Western Africa, principally just south of the Desert of Sahara. It is not distinguished for its extraordinary height, which rarely reaches over one hundred feet, but it is the most imposing and magnificent of African trees; many, it is said, are over one hundred feet in circumference, rising like a dwarf tower from twenty to thirty feet, and then throwing out branches like a miniature forest to a distance of one hundred feet, the extremities of the branches bending toward the ground. The botanical name of this curious tree is *Adansonia digitata*. The first, in honor of its discoverer, Adanson; and the second, descriptive of its five-parted leaf. The leaves are large, abundant and of a dark-green color, divided into five radiating lanceolate leaflets. The flowers are large and white, hanging to peduncles of a yard in length, which forms a striking contrast to the leaves. The fruit is a soft, pulpy, dry substance about the size of a citron, enclosed in a long, green pod; the pulp between the seeds tastes like cream of tartar, and this pulp, as well as the pressed juice from the leaves, is used by the native Africans for flavoring their food. The juice is greatly relished as a beverage, and is considered a remedy in putrid fevers and many other diseases.

The Baobab tree is said to attain a much greater age than any other tree, thousands of years being hazarded as the term of life of some specimens. It has extraordinary vitality; the bark, which is regularly stripped off to be made into ropes, nets for fishing, trapping, and native clothing, speedily grows again. No external injury, not even fire, can destroy it from without; nor can it be hurt from within, as specimens have been found in full splendor, with the inside of the trunk hollowed out into a chamber, which could hold a score of people. One-half of the trunk may be cut or burned away—even the tree may be cut down, and while lying on the ground, so long as there is the slightest connection with the roots, it will grow and yield fruit. It dies from a very peculiar disease—a softening of its woody structure, and it falls by its own weight a mass of ruins. The native villages are generally built around one of these immense trees and under its far-spreading branches, which form an agreeable shelter from the sun, is the "Kotla," or place of assemblage, where all the public business of the tribe is transacted. The circuit described by the extremities of the lowermost range of branches is fenced around, so that none but those privileged to attend these meetings can intrude. In thinly populated districts of Southern and Central Africa, where lions, leopards, and hyenas abound, the natives live in huts like gigantic beehives, firmly fixed among the large branches of the tree. On the approach of night they ascend to their huts by means of rude ladders, while the lions roar about their campfires until the approach of day drives them to their lairs.

As many as thirty families have been found to occupy a single tree. In many instances, natives who till the ground at any great distance from their tribe, build these huts for nightly accommodation. In travelling through the country one frequently sees these trees alive with baboons and other kinds of the monkey tribe, busy in collecting the fruit and indulging in senseless gambols and chatter; for this reason it is commonly called the monkey bread tree. When the tree is not occupied as a habitation, the hollow trunk serves by the natives as a sepulchre for executed criminals—the law of the people denying them the right of burial, inside of which the bodies dry up and to a great extent resemble mummies. To a European, this tree is a marvel; coming across one inhabited by monkeys, it is extremely dangerous to shoot any unless one is with a party, for if any are wounded, the whole colony take up the battle, and more than once I found that a retreat in short order was necessary.

My first experiences of living in the air was very novel; the first night was one continual growl, roar, etc., so much so that I found it an impossibility to sleep; finally, the most horrible squeals broke out directly under me; it was very dark and being unable to see any objects but knowing something was wrong, I threw a can containing water out of the hut door down in the direction from where the noise proceeded, but with little results, though the squealing became fainter; in the morning a small pig we had been keeping and put in a pen over night was missing. What took him nobody ever knew, as no traces remained; it only went to illustrate how we might have fared had we been camping on the ground. Having found a friendly tribe who placed their huts at our disposal, this saved us much anxiety of mind, and a few days later a number of their men accompanied us a considerable distance to the south, not, however, going outside the precincts of their country.

This wonderful tree is also found in India, and is there held in great veneration by some natives, so much so that any one guilty of cutting the trees down is regarded by them with great abhorence.—*American Agriculturist.*



THE WONDERFUL BAOBAB.

DANGEROUS.

If a girl earning her own living makes the endeavor to dress richly and fashionably her highest ambition, she is risking her happiness, and is likely some day to repent of her folly. Her inability to satisfactorily accomplish what she desires, owing to the meagreness of her income, is always the subject of comment by her acquaintances. Two somewhat stylishly dressed young girls were lately overheard in animated conservation on a horse-car. Their remarks were as follows:

"I'm going to have one of those elegant tailor-made suits this spring, with gloves and hat to match."

"Are you?"

"Yes; and it will take nearly all of my wages for the summer to pay for it, but I'm determined to have it."

"I don't blame you a bit."

"What are you going to have!"

"Oh, a lovely silk suit, with a bonnet of the same. I got the idea of it from seeing Miss B—— (a wealthy merchant's daughter) with one on. And I've got the loveliest new bracelet on payment. Only fifty cents a week! Just think!"

"Why, I'll get one? I can skimp some way to save that; I can go without my dinner two or three days in a week, and save that way."

"That's so. Why, I often make a cup of tea on a spirit lamp, and only eat a roll for my breakfast. And—do you know it?—i's a fact that I go three or four days without meat or vegetables. It's the only way to save for my clothes, and I will dress well!"

"So will I; but one has to skimp awfully on seven dollars a week to do it."

"Yes, but I'd rather do it than dress as some girls do."

"So had I."

So they doubtless did, at the cost of health, and they will be fortunate if this is the only folly into which their vanity leads them. Simple clothing and little ornament becomes one of simple means, and best commands the respect of those whom it is well to know. Good taste and neatness and simple adornments indicate character, and character is more than outward appearance.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHITER THAN SNOW.

The Rev. A. R. M. Finlayson, in the course of an address to the Liverpool Young Women's Christian Association, mentioned an interesting incident suggested by the visit of the Prince of Wales. The speaker said a certain nobleman, a widower, had a little daughter under ten years of age. Her nurse was an earnest Christian, and she stored the child's mind with Scriptural truths. One night, when the little girl came in after dinner to dessert, she asked her father, who was not a Christian, "Father do you know what is whiter than snow?" "No," said the father, "I do not." "Well," said the child, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus Christ is whiter than snow." The father was surprised, and said, "How do you know?" "Nurse told me," the child replied. The father told the nurse not to mention these subjects to his daughter, as she was too young, and, moreover, he feared she might grow up with a gloomy view of life. Not long after the Prince of Wales was visiting the house, and the little girl was present. The Prince, with his usual affability, noticed the child, and thus encouraged, she said, "Prince, do you know what is whiter than snow?" "No," said the Prince, smilingly, "I don't think you can have anything whiter than snow." "Well," said the child, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus Christ is whiter than snow." The words used carried conviction to the father's heart, and he became an earnest and devoted Christian.

A NEW EVANGELICAL ENTERPRISE.

A Gospel waggon has been undertaken by the Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C. This waggon, an ordinary omnibus, containing a cabinet organ, six or eight good singers, several persons to make addresses, etc., visits three centres of non-church-going people every Sabbath afternoon. Singing, prayer, and brief addresses, occupy an hour at each point, when all present are invited to visit the mission. The last stop is made near the mission, and just before its evening service. From one hundred to five or six hundred persons of all ages and classes, give quiet and respectful attention to the services. No policeman is needed. The attendance, especially at the Sabbath services of the mission, has largely increased. This mission is conducted by a committee representing the evangelical churches of the city. The committee are a body of able, zealous, active men, who are responsible for the financial support, and the conduct of the fourteen or fifteen weekly meetings mainly.

MISTAKEN STANDARDS.

False standards of what constitutes a good figure lead hundreds of women to offend in the very domains in which they attempt to please; having no knowledge of the laws of proportion, they offend our sight. Large women wearing shoes two or even three sizes too small, walking with a cramped and wobbling gait, all freedom of motion gone, and an expression of suppressed agony on their faces, pitiful to behold. Gloved hands, so stuffed looking that unconsciously the mind runs to the butcher's window and its rows of sausages, and we give preference to the sausages as works of art because of their conformity to their natural outlines. Every woman who wears tight shoes or gloves pays the penalty in cold feet and hands, impaired circulation, and, as a result, a pinched and purple complexion.

Tight lacing is a violation against health that offends against the law of God; a violation that is even greater than self-murder, as it destroys the vital organs of child-bearing. All this is done with the mistaken idea that the form of woman is improved by lacing, made to conform to the lines of beauty, and that the Venus of Milo is rivalled! The "Popular Science Monthly" gives the proportions for a perfect female figure:

"To meet the requirements of a classic figure a lady should be five feet four and three-fourths inches tall, thirty-two inches bust measure, twenty-four inches waist, nine inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be five feet five inches tall, thirty-one inches about the bust, twenty-six and one-half about the waist, thirty-five over the hips, eleven and one half-inches around the ball of the arm, and six and one-half inches around the wrist. Her hands and feet should not be too small."

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM is the most comprehensive of earthly benedictions with the exception of the gospel of the Son of God. In aiding this we push forward every plan for relieving the race of its vices and sorrows, and trample upon nearly every enemy to its peace and progress.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE SUREST WAY to become watchful is to become loving. He guards most carefully his heart who loves the most.

OUR DEAR BARBARA.

(From Home Heroes)

"What a queer little body!" exclaimed one lady to another, as a girl passed through the room where they were sitting. She was leading a child by the hand, and carrying another in her arms.

"Our Barbie," was answered.

"Where in the world did you discover this funny specimen of humanity?" laughed the first speaker. "She looks as if modelled from one of Punch's caricatures."

"Oh, we've had Barbie, as the children call her, for a long time; and I don't know what we should do without her."

Now, Barbara was not very comely to look upon. Truly, as the lady had said, she was a queer little body. Almost dwarfish in stature, her head was so large as to look out of all proportion. Not a feature in her face seemed rightly adjusted. One eye was lower than the other, and set at a different angle from its neighbor; and both were singularly small for the size of her face, which was broad and round. Her nose was neither Roman nor Grecian, and yet it made a prominent feature, and had a very decided expression. The mouth was large, but not coarse or sensual; the chin delicate and receding; and Barbara's manner of walking could not be called graceful.

"I should send that girl to an exhibition of curiosities," said the visitor.

"Why so, my friend?" The lady looked a little serious.

"Oh, I would no more trust my children with her than with an ourang-outang. One glance at her face and person is enough."

"We know Barbara," was the quietly-spoken answer.

And then the conversation went ranging away upon themes out of connection with our present subject—the humble, homely Barbara. It is just ten years since she entered Mrs. Grayson's family. She was then only twelve years old. It was not much that Barbara could remember of her parents. They were poor working people, who did not manage to get along well, and Barbara's earliest memories had not, therefore, many sunny gleams to brighten them. She was not more than six when her mother died, leaving her, poor child, to the very unwilling charity of strangers. The six years that followed were marked by many sufferings. Barbara rarely had a kind word from any one. Mrs. Grayson first saw her in her kitchen, one cold winter morning, with a milk-pail in her hand.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed to the cook, after the child went out. "What a singular-looking girl! Who is she?"

"Some oddity our milk-woman has picked up, ma'am."

"How long has she been coming here?"

"About two weeks; and I'm getting to like the child."

Once seen, Barbara's image was not likely to fade from the mind. Mrs. Grayson thought of her several times during the day, and on the next morning went down early into the kitchen. Barbara came in from the frosty air just as Mrs. Grayson entered, her face almost purple with cold. She set down her milk-pails and stood up between them, almost as cylinder-like in form as they, though by no means proportionally taller. There was an almost ludicrous expression of suffering on her singular face.

"Why, you're nearly frozen, child," said Mrs. Grayson.

"Indeed, and it's bitter cold, ma'am," replied the little girl, putting to her mouth her red finger-tips, which protruded from a pair of worn woollen gloves, and blowing with an energy that made her breath almost whistle against them.

"What is your name?" asked the lady.

"My name's Barbie, ma'am."

"Barbara."

"Yes, ma'am; but they call me Barbie."

"Have you a mother, my child?"

"No, ma'am."

"Nor father?"

"No, ma'am."

Barbara's answers were made in a prompt, even rather musical tone of voice, in which was no sign of weakness.

"How long have you been serving milk?" asked Mrs. Grayson.

"Two or three weeks, ma'am," replied Barbara. "Susan fell sick and went away, and Mrs. Miller said I must try my hand at serving customers."

And the child stooped as she spoke, and taking the cover from one of her pails, began filling the cook's pitcher with milk. This done, she replaced the cover, and without stopping to be the recipient of any further kind inquiries, went trudging away on her round of duty.

"It's a shame," said the cook, "to put such work on a mere child. But some people have no mercy."

Mrs. Grayson sighed, and went away in a thoughtful mood.

One morning in January, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, the cook tapped at Mrs. Grayson's bedroom door, and said—

"I wish, ma'am, that you'd just come and look at Barbie."

"What's the matter with her?" asked the lady.

"Well, I think, ma'am, that you ought to see her."

"Very well," said Mrs. Grayson; and she hurried at once to the kitchen.

There stood little Barbara between her milk-pails, just stooping to the task of lifting the heavy burdens. The cook had been trying to keep her until Mrs. Grayson came down, but Barbara had no time to lose, for customers were waiting; and her sense of duty, or fear of punishment, was too strong to let her wait, even though the hope of seeing the lady who had once spoken to her kindly was trembling in her heart.

Mrs. Grayson saw at a glance that hardship or sickness had been making sad work with the child. The round, healthy face had changed to one of suffering; and there was a shrunken look about her figure that contrasted strongly with its former plumpness. As she raised her eyes, Mrs. Grayson saw in them a look that moved her sympathy.

"I wish, ma'am," said the cook, "that you'd just look at Barbie's feet."

"I can't stay any longer, please, ma'am." And Barbara lifted her pails a few inches from the floor. "I'm late now, and people want their milk."

"Let them want it," said the cook, stepping forward as she spoke, and taking out of Barbara's little hands the two heavy pails.

"Oh, but Mrs. Miller will be angry!" urged the child, in distress. "And, you know, people want their milk. They can't have breakfast until I get round."

"Now, ma'am," said the cook, "just look at her feet! Did you ever see the like in all your days?"

"DID YOU EVER SEE THE LIKE IN ALL YOUR DAYS?"

She had grasped Barbara by the arms and placed her on a chair, and now lifted one of her feet, which was covered with the remnant of a woollen stocking and an old leather shoe. Through rents and worn places in the wet stocking shone the fiery skin, which was ulcerated.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayson. "Take off the stocking, Jane."

The stocking was removed, exhibiting the extent to which the foot was diseased. There were great cracks in the heel, the edges of which were of a dark purple, as if mortification were threatened. The whole foot was of a deep-red color, and the skin shone as if polished.

"Only chilblains, Mrs. Miller says," remarked Barbara. She did not speak in a tone of complaint.

"Let me see the other foot," said Mrs. Grayson.

(To be Continued.)

THE MOST POPULAR BOOK IN INDIA.

The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, at a recent meeting in London, said:—I am an old Indian, having gone out in 1846, and labored in the Madras Presidency for eighteen years. I have paid two visits to India since then. In the later visit I have had the opportunity of looking from a higher platform and taking into purview a larger area. I have mingled with missionaries of other Societies, and have conversed with Hindoos. In my recent visit I met and addressed some thousands of them, thinking men, the future leaders of the intellectual revolution of India. I met them in railway-carriages, in formal assemblies, and in private. I was anxious to know what was their impression of the state of Christianity at present in India.

One meeting I attended I shall never forget. It happened to be the anniversary of a Society called the Brahmo Somaj. In that assembly there were eight hundred Hindoo gentlemen, and among them probably not three Christians. A Hindoo orator stood up and delivered an address, in the English language, to eight hundred of his fellow-countrymen. That is a significant fact. The subject of the discourse was the Brahmo Somaj, but he referred to Mohammed, to Buddha (the name commanding 425,000,000 of believers), and to Christ. He compared these three great historic personages: he held up Jesus as the loftiest of the teachers of earth, and his affirmation of the claim of Christ was followed by applause of the stirring character seen in England when any sentence is uttered which is in accord with popular sympathy. Forthwith, the Hindoo orator poured out a eulogy on Christ, the materials of which he could only have gathered by a very attentive study of the New Testament. Here were men unknown to missionaries, but, practically, worshippers of the name which Christians revered. The New Testament was the book which they had studied. The New Testament is becoming one of the most popular books in India, and the most popular name in the far East is the name of Jesus.

The observation of a brother missionary, who has just returned to this country, is a very striking one: "If you want a book to go among the people, you must put the name of Jesus on the outside of it." That, he says, will give it popular currency. A Christian missionary, alighting at a village which had never before been visited by a representative of the Church of Christ, found that the priest's shaster, or sacred book, was the Gospel according to Matthew. The priest did not know it was an inspired book, but he said he had not found a book containing more excellent counsel for his people, to whom he read from it.—*Christian.*

WHAT ONE BOY MAY DO.

Rhode Island provides by law for scientific temperance instruction in its public schools. In one of the public schools of Providence, as a pupil, is a little boy nine years old whose father is a drinkshop keeper. Taught at school concerning the harmful nature and effects of alcoholic beverages by a teacher evidently interested to do her duty in that respect, this little boy has become also much interested in the subject, and he has tried earnestly, but hitherto unsuccessfully to induce his father to stop liquor-selling and to sign the pledge of total abstinence. The boy learned of the proposed prohibitory constitutional amendment before the late election, and pleaded earnestly with his father to vote for it. Finally, about a fortnight before the election, the father told him that if he would earn six dollars and pay him at the end of two weeks he would vote for the amendment. The boy promptly took the father at his word, told some of his neighbors what he wanted to do, and asked the job of cleaning their cellars, which he did thoroughly and satisfactorily, and was paid therefor. In this way he earned the six dollars, and paid within the specified time to the father. The father, as good as his word, voted for the amendment.

OUR DEAR BARBARA.

(From Home Heroes)

(Continued.)

Jane removed the old shoe and stocking, and exhibited a foot in even a worse condition.

"How do they feel?" asked the lady.

"Oh, ma'am, they burn and hurt me dreadfully," replied the girl.

"Draw me a bucket of cold water, Jane."

"Yes, ma'am." And Jane turned away quickly.

"Oh dear!" said the child, in distress. "Please give me my shoes and stockings. All the people are waiting for breakfast. I'll never get round."

"Put just enough warm water in to take off the chill."

Mrs. Grayson spoke to Jane, not heeding Barbara.

"Will that do?

"No. It is too warm. I want it tepid heat."

"Do let me go!" urged Barbara. "The people will be angry."

"There; put your feet in," said Mrs. Grayson, as Jane set the bucket on the floor in front of the child.

"Mrs. Miller'll beat me." And tears ran over Barbara's face.

"No, Barbie," said Mrs. Grayson, kindly, "Mrs. Miller shall not beat you. I will see to that."

"But you don't know her, ma'am, as I do."

"I'll tell you what I do know, Barbie," said Mrs. Grayson, as she knelt by the singular-looking child who drew so strongly upon her sympathies, and held her feet in the water: "I know that Mrs. Miller will never hurt a hair of your head."

"But what will people do for their milk this morning?" Barbara was as much troubled on this head as on that which involved consequences to herself.

"Do without it!" was the firm reply. "You are not going from this house to-day."

"Oh dear, ma'am! I must go round with my milk."

In vain did Barbara plead for freedom to go forward in the way of duty. She was under the control of those who were stronger than she, and quite resolute. After keeping the child's feet in water for ten minutes, or until they had ceased to ache and burn, Mrs. Grayson dried them with a soft napkin until all moisture was removed.

"Now stand up, Barbie."

But, in attempting to bear her weight, Barbara cried out with sudden pain, while the blood started from many gaping sores on her feet.

"You see, Barbie," said Mrs. Grayson, kindly, "that there is to be no more serving of milk to-day. Jane," she added, "you take her up to the little room next to yours. There is a bed in it, you know."

The cook's heart was in all this work of mercy. So she lifted Barbara in her strong arms and carried her upstairs, followed by Mrs. Grayson.

"I think she has fever," said Jane, as she placed her on the bed. "Just feel how hot her hand is!"

"Yes; I noticed that," replied Mrs. Grayson. "The child has considerable fever. In fact, she's ill enough to be in bed, instead of on the street carrying milk-pails; and in bed we must place her. So, do you take off her clothes while I go for one of Helen's wrappers."

"Indeed, ma'am," objected Barbara to this, "I can't lie here, Mrs. Miller will be so angry; and what will the people do for their milk?" This was the question that troubled the poor child most of all.

"Do without it!" answered Jane, who was getting provoked at Barbara's great concern for her customers.

"They expect me, and I've never disappointed them. Everybody's breakfast will be waiting," replied Barbara.

"Not everybody's," replied Mrs. Grayson, smiling. "But don't trouble. What can't be cured must be endured."

"I wish Mrs. Miller knew about it," said Barbara, still pursuing the theme.

"Where does she live?"

Barbara gave the direction. It was not far away.

"I'll send her word to come and get her milk-pails."

This satisfied the child, who, now that the strain was gone, was showing more and more exhaustion. Jane removed her scanty garments, and laid her under the bed-clothes.

"I do believe I am sick," said Barbara, in her artless way, lifting her eyes languidly and looking at Mrs. Grayson. "What a kind lady you are! God will bless you for being good to poor little Barbie."

Her voice, which was singularly soft and sweet, died faintly away, and her lids fell heavily over her eyes. Mrs. Grayson, who was touched with pity for the strange child, and who felt her interest increasing every moment, laid her hand upon her forehead. It was burning with fever.

Two weeks passed before Barbara was able to sit up. During the first week she was delirious for nearly three days; and the physician said that her life was in danger. In the beginning he feared that she had an infectious fever; and there was some anxiety on the part of Mrs. Grayson for her children. But this apprehension soon gave way; and then her two little ones—Jennie and Katie—made their way to Barbara's chamber. At first her face repelled them; but, when she spoke, the charm of her voice drew them toward her like magnetism.

The love of children was a living thing in the heart of Barbara; and she was delighted to have Jennie and Katie in her room. As soon as she was able to sit up, she amused them by various little arts and devices which she had learned, and read to them out of the books they brought to her. In the beginning of this intercourse Mrs. Grayson watched Barbara very closely, and questioned the children minutely as to what she said to them. She was soon satisfied that all was right—that although she had lived amidst temptation and exposure to vice, she was untainted by the atmosphere she had been compelled to breathe.

"Barbie," said the lady to her one day, after she was able to sit up in a chair for several hours at a time, "how would you like to live with me?"

A flash of light went over the little girl's face, and she looked at Mrs. Grayson in an eager, hopeful, bewildered manner, as if she half thought herself dreaming.

"I'm in earnest, Barbie. Would you like to live with me?"

"What could I do, ma'am?"

"My nurse is going away. Could you not take her place?"

"I love Jennie and Katie and the baby, ma'am."

"That's one qualification," said the lady.

"And I'm strong when I'm well, ma'am."

Mrs. Grayson thought of the two great milk-pails, and was satisfied on that head.

"And I'll do just what you tell me to do, ma'am."

"Very well, Barbie, I think we may settle it that you are to be my nurse. If you love the children, and are strong, and do just what I tell you, I can ask no more."

"But," said Barbara, a troubled look coming into her face, "maybe Mrs. Miller won't give me up, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"She says I'm bound to her. A lady asked me once if I wouldn't come to her house and live. When I told Mrs. Miller, she got dreadful angry."

"Did you ever go anywhere with her and put your name or mark on a paper?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then I think that you're not bound to her."

"Oh yes, I am, ma'am. She made me promise on the Bible, a good while ago, that I'd live with her for five years. And it isn't two years yet. I didn't want to do it, but she made me."

"Why did she exact this promise, Barbie?"

"I don't know, ma'am, unless it was because I was always a-working and a-doing."

"And you think yourself bound by that promise?"

"Yes, ma'am. If Mrs. Miller won't give me up, I must go back to her. I promised on the Bible, you know."

"And to keep your promise you are willing to take up your old hard work again of feeding and milking cows, and serving milk, instead of coming into this nice house to nurse children whom you love?"

"Yes, ma'am, if Mrs. Miller won't give me up," replied Barbara, firmly. "I promised on the Bible that I'd live with her five years, and I've only been there two years."

"But, if I understand it, Barbie, Mrs. Miller forced you to make that promise."

"She said she'd beat me if I didn't do it."

"Then she compelled you."

"But, ma'am, you see I needn't have promised for all her threats. I could have stood the beating and held my tongue, if she'd killed me. That's how it was. So, as I've promised, I'm bound."

Struck with the child's mode of looking at the question, and still more interested in her, Mrs. Grayson determined to let matters take their course between Barbara and Mrs. Miller, in order to test the character of this singular child.

"I must send for Mrs. Miller," she said, "and have a talk with her. Perhaps I can induce her to give you up."

Barbara was not sanguine; and Mrs. Grayson noticed that her face wore a troubled look.

Mrs. Miller, who had already called several times to ask about Barbara, but who had not been permitted to see her, was now sent for. The child shrank back and looked half frightened as the hard, coarse, determined-looking woman entered the room in company with Mrs. Grayson, and fixed upon her a pair of cruel eyes. Something like a smile relaxed her withered face as she spoke to Barbara.

"I have sent for you," said Mrs. Grayson, "in order to have a talk about Barbie."

Mrs. Miller nodded.

"Is she bound to you?"

"Yes, ma'am." Promptly and firmly answered.

"Would you like to give her up, if I'd take her?

"No," Mrs. Miller uttered the little word resolutely.

"In what way is she bound?" queried Mrs. Grayson.

"She's bound all right, ma'am—fast and sure," replied Mrs. Miller, showing some impatience.

"And you can't be induced to part with her?"

"No, ma'am."

"Not for her good? I would like her for a nurse; and that will be so much easier for her, you know."

"She's my girl, Mrs. Grayson," replied the woman to this; "and I don't think it just right for you to be trying to get her away from me. What's mine is mine."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Grayson; "and particularly on Barbie's account. But if you won't give her up, why——"

She paused and looked at Barbara. There was an expression of despair upon the child's face that touched her deeply.

"Why, I won't!" Mrs. Miller finished the sentence. "And now, ma'am," she added, "Barbie has been a trouble to you long enough, and had better come away."

"She is not well enough to be moved for two or three days yet," said Mrs. Grayson.

"I don't know that," replied Mrs. Miller. "She's strong. I reckon she can walk with a little help. Come, Barbie."

(To be Continued.)

Hark, Hark! my Soul!

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"—Hebrews i. 14.

F. W. Faber. *By permission.* Arr. by C. C. Converse and I. D. Sankey.

Moderate

1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev - 'ning peal ing, The voice of
3 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
1. fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those
2. Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea. And la - den souls by
3. souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its
1. bles-sèd strains are fell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
2. thousands meek-ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee.
3. ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic & of the Gos-pel leads us home.
Chorus.
An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet
frag - ments of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall
end the night of weep - ing, And life's long sha-dows break in cloud'-less love.

in her artless way, lifting her eyes languidly and looking at Mrs. Grayson. "What a kind lady you are! God will bless you for being good to poor little Barbie."

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"No, ma'am."

"Not for her good? I would like her for a nurse; and that will be so much easier for her, you know."

"She's my girl, Mrs. Grayson," replied the woman to this; "and I don't think it just right for you to be trying to get her away from me. What's mine is mine."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Grayson; "and particularly on Barbie's account. But if you won't give her up, why——"

She paused and looked at Barbara. There was an expression of despair upon the child's face that touched her deeply.

"Why, I won't!" Mrs. Miller finished the sentence. "And now, ma'am," she added, "Barbie has been a trouble to you long enough, and had better come away."

"She is not well enough to be moved for two or three days yet," said Mrs. Grayson.

"I don't know that," replied Mrs. Miller. "She's strong. I reckon she can walk with a little help. Come, Barbie."

(To be Continued.)

DO YOU THINK of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended? Cast them all aside; they may be slight and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit for all that.—*Ruskin.*

CARRIE THORNE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY MRS. L. E. THORPE.

"Be ye also ready." Matt. 24: 44.

Carrie Thorne was an earnest Christian, yet, Martha-like, "cumbered with much serving" for her family, and ever bemoaning her lack of opportunity to engage in any charitable scheme, so thickly was her path set with small duties and general home care.

One bright spring morning as she finished sweeping her spotless north porch she hesitated a moment for one look out.

Her next-door neighbor, a kindly but coarse and ignorant woman, approached, and in response to Carrie's greeting said, "Yes, it's a nice morning, and them as can enjoy it ought to be thankful. I've just seen one poor creetur as'll never look on the like again, or I miss my guess. The poor woman who lives in the basement at Mrs. Ryan's," she continued in reply to Carrie's anxious inquiry; "it's just acrost the creek there. They're strangers, and she's been a-laying flat of her back ever since they came there, nigh ten weeks, with consumption. No, they're too poor to have help, and he works at the iron-works all day and does up the housework nights; and she alone all day in that damp, dark place, with three little children, and that gang of Ryan boys a-stampin' like a drove of horses overhead! No, I didn't know of it either till I happened to mistake her door for Mrs. Ryan's as I stopped of an errand. I thought I'd just come by and tell you, and maybe you could run in a spell and take her some readin' and cheer her up a bit, she's so lonesome and sufferin'."

"Indeed I will, Mrs. Cope; I am so glad you told me. I am cleaning my bedroom, but I'll hurry and get things replaced and try to see her this afternoon."

While thinking over the matter when Mrs. Cope had gone, a strange conviction came over her that this woman needed Christian counsel. Now Carrie had never had much faith in "spiritual impressions," believing them to be too nearly allied to imagination and superstition, and that it was a safer way to follow the plain teaching of the Word of God; yet there was something in this burning desire that filled her heart to speak to that sick woman of Jesus that she knew was not of her own mind, and with it the most comforting and appropriate texts of Scripture presented themselves so vividly she was completely overcome, and, falling on her knees, she cried out with tears, "Dear Lord, I do believe this is thy will; I will go and speak to her of thee." Oh, how she was filled with a sense of God's presence! She seemed to hear him saying, "Go and call my lost one back home," and she felt so willing while waiting at his feet for strength, and she thought with rapture how doubly precious was this call, as it witnessed also her own acceptance with God.

But other duties followed the room-work, and baby Ralph was so fretful that at last she decided the visit must wait till morning. Then new cares and company kept her home again. The next day Mrs. Cope had to be away washing and could not keep Ralph, and as there was a rumor of measles she feared to take him. But Mrs. Cope had promised to stop and inquire, and Mrs. Thorne hastened out when she saw her returning.

"O Mrs. Thorne, I never pitied anybody so in my life! I fixed up the room and washed the children, but if I could only talk to her like you could! She's such a lady, and I've got no learnin'."

"Do you know if she is a Christian?" ventured Carrie (alas, so timid are we in speaking of Christ even to our nearest neighbor!).

"I asked her if any one talked to her of bein' ready to go, and she said only Mrs. Ryan, and she is a Roman Catholic, and she would not listen to her, and that she wasn't goin' to die. It's just pitiful to hear her tell how she'll take care of the children and can up fruit when she gets well! You know that bunch of lilacs Mrs. Case gave you and me; I took her mine, and you just ought to 'a' seen her, it cheered her up so! She cried over 'em, too, and said they made her think of home."

"If you'll keep Ralph, I'll go to-morrow and take her that pot of red geraniums; they are the only flowers I have yet. I think Mrs. Case might send her some every day," and Carrie looked wistfully over the fence at her neighbor's rich lawn.

"I went and told her a-purpose, and she said she would, but she keeps a-puttin' it off."

The next day brought incessant rain, and on the morning following Carrie was making hurried preparations for her visit, when Mrs. Case called her to the fence to see a lovely white wreath and cross.

"A poor woman died last night down at Mrs. Ryan's, and they sent here for flowers. Alice made these, and I'm going over with them, as she is to be buried this afternoon."

It was with difficulty Carrie restrained her feelings until she regained her room. Sinking on the carpet she moaned and wept in disappointment and self-accusation. All her prayers and pleadings for an opportunity to do something for Christ came before her; how he had called her to this duty; how she had said, "I will go," and went not; of all her neglect might mean to that precious soul just ushered into eternity! Then, like burning coals on her conscience, fell the words, "A stranger, sick and in prison, and ye visited me not," until she sobbed in remorse that seemed bitter as death. Most terrible of all was the thought, "I can't pray!" Never before had she had a sorrow she could not take to Jesus. Ah, she must have realized in those moments something of the anguish of a condemned soul when it knows for the first time that it can nevermore pray. An eternity of sorrow and no Jesus! O God help us to pray while we can pray!

After a time Carrie felt again the assuring love of Jesus and in a measure comforted and quieted; but all the prayer she could offer for days was the one, now too late, pleading with him to have compassion on the precious soul she had neglected, and for weeks humiliation and sorrow overshadowed her, and it seemed like a special mercy that this consolation came to her a few days before leaving that city.

"I had a long talk to-day," said her husband one Sabbath evening, with the Rev. B——, who preaches for our church on South Hill, and I happened to mention your feelings in regard to that woman who died at Mrs. Ryan's. He knew all about the circumstance, was summoned there with a brother minister the night she died, as she became distressed for her soul, and he told me to tell you she obtained mercy, and sweetly fell asleep whispering the name of Jesus." This was joy indeed, but Carrie wonders if God will ever give her another opportunity.
—*American Messenger.*

THE STORY OF A HARD FIGHT.

"What can those two boys be talking about?" said Mrs. Upton to her husband one morning. "They look as wise and mysterious as though they were eighty years old instead of seven and eight. I hope they're not planning any mischief." With this the good lady sighed.

Indeed, she too often had cause to sigh over her two frolicsome lads. They did not mean to be troublesome or disobedient, but somehow they had a way of making plans which often brought annoyance to their mother and disgrace upon themselves. This time, however, they were not plotting mischief. They were simply considering how they might help in the work of a Mission Band which they had joined the day before. This Band had pledged itself to the support of a little boy in a school in India, and each member had promised to give something from his own earnings or savings for this purpose. Let us listen a moment to the two brothers as they whisper together in the corner.

"We can't give anything from our savings," says Henry, the elder, "for we have nothing to save. But I'll tell you what, Charley, I've a plan for making something."

"What is it?" asks Charley, while his eyes sparkle.

"Well, you know that nice-looking old gentleman who has just moved next door. I saw him yesterday out looking in the fields for greens, but it was terribly hard work for him to stoop over. I guess he has the rheumatism or something. He asked me if I knew what yellow-dock is, and I showed him some. Now, suppose we should go there this morning with a basketful. Don't you think he'd buy it of us?"

"In course he would," answered Charley, "'specially if we should tell him what the money is for."

So the plan was made and carried out most successfully. Children who live in the country do not need a description of the slender-leaved weed called dock, which grows so abundantly in our fields, and is by many prized as an article of food. The two boys filled a good-sized basket with this spring delicacy and offered it to their new neighbor, who not only promptly bought it for the sum of five cents, but ordered a supply for every morning for a month.

"Whew!" exclaimed Charley, as they were scampering home to report their good success. "How he must like greens! But never mind. It's a good thing for us. Isn't it, old fellow?"

"To be sure it is, to be sure. Why! we'll make enough to buy that little boy's clothes, I should think, for a year. I wish I knew enough 'rithmetic to count up how much it will come to. Let's ask Bill when he comes in at noon."

Bill, the "hired man," when applied to, dutifully set about the calculation. He reckoned thirty days to the month and announced that the sum would be exactly and precisely one dollar and a half. "And that's a good deal," he added, "for little 'uns like you to make."

"But you haven't taken out the Sundays," said Charley. "Of course, we can't work on Sundays."

"Of course not;" said Henry, "that would be what mother calls 'doing evil that good may come,' and maybe she won't let us work when it rains."

"Well, never mind. If you stick to your bargain every day when you can, you'll be able to do your part, and I'll count up your money when you get it all together." This from Bill, who was the boys' oracle. You may look up that word in the dictionary, if you do not quite understand what it means.

The boys did stick to their bargain. One five-cent after another found its way into the little box set apart for the treasured earnings. There were but two very rainy days that month. Making allowance for these and the four Sundays there must have been, how much was in the box?

"A dollar and twenty cents," somebody answers, and that somebody agrees with Bill, who slowly and carefully reached the same result.

"What a pity it hadn't been five cents more!" he exclaimed. "That would have been ten shillings. Guess I'll have to give you that to make the thing even."

Dear me! How guilty Charley looked then. What could have been the matter? I will have to tell you.

It had happened that that very morning he had gone alone to carry the last basketful of greens, and that the old gentleman who had proved such a good customer, had rewarded him with ten cents instead of five. Poor Charley! The temptation had been too much for him. He had put half of the money into his pocket and the other half into the box. Nobody would be the wiser, he thought, and he did so want to be able to buy some torpedoes for the coming Fourth of July.

Yet there were two who knew of his dishonesty. He knew of it himself and the knowledge made him unhappy. The Lord above knew of it, for no one can escape from His all-seeing eye. All day long Charley suffered from the reproaches of his conscience. He had deceived Henry, he had deceived Bill, and he meant to deceive the other members of the Mission Band, for Henry, of course, would tell them that they had put all their earnings into the box. He had a hard fight for some hours, but conscience won in the end.

After supper he went up to Bill, who was sitting outside of the kitchen door, and handed him the five cents which he could no longer keep in his pocket.

"Here, Bill," said he, "I'll pay you back this money. I ought to have put it into the box, but I didn't."

Then he stammered out the story of his temptation. Bill was surprised, of course, and so was Henry, who was standing near.

"You've done well," said honest Bill; "you've done well to bring back the money, for it really wasn't yours after you'd promised to give it away, and if you'd kept it you'd have been acting, to my thinking, very much like Ananias and Sapphira that your pa read about at family prayers this morning. Now we'll just put it into the box along with the rest, and there'll be so much more for your boy in India."

Charley went to bed happy, feeling that he had done right, though it cost him a struggle to do so.—*Cousin Lois.*

TEN MINUTES.

Take ten minutes each day, and devote it to the Bible, to one verse, following it through its marginal references, comparing the familiar with the revised text, thinking, for only ten minutes, of its central truth. Give ten minutes, morning, noon, or evening, to study of the lesson—real downright study, not mere perfunctory perusal. Let the piano, standing silent and unused in the corner of the parlor, for ten minutes each day, win you to the old finger-practice. From the shelf, where it stands forgotten or neglected, take the volume of essays or history, which you have long intended to read when you should have leisure.

For only ten minutes every day, if you honestly can give no more, sit down with your half-grown lad, just arrived at the Ishmael stage of existence, the period when he is at odds with all the world, and devote yourself to his entertainment; hear the story of his day, and talk over his school-life and its ambitions.

Believe me that the course will pay in each case. The experiment is worth trying. The blessed ten minutes with the Bible; the conscientious ten minutes with the lesson; the persevering ten minutes at the piano; the faithful ten minutes over the book; the loving ten minutes with your boy—will each, in its own province, result in that which will bring reward.—*Mrs. Sangster.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What ancient king employed dromedaries as mail carriers?
2. By whom was the first temperance society organized?
3. Who did the Lord help in battle with hailstones, which slew more than the sword?
4. What prophet was found ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen?

SCRIPTURE QUOTATIONS.

1. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord."
2. "Our God hath not forsaken us."
3. "He careth for you."
4. "Good is the word of the Lord."
5. "My Lord and my God."
6. "Thou God seest me."
7. "God will provide."
8. "He will keep the feet of His saints."

The initials of the *Authors* of the above quotations give the name of a celebrated Israelitish judge.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 15.

1. Numbers 16: 32-36; 1 Kings 17: 10-16; Acts 28: 3-6.
2. 2 Samuel 17: 23.
3. Genesis 28: 8, 9.
4. 2 Chronicles 33: 10, 11.
5. Nehemiah 13: 16.
6. Ezra 1: 9.

A BIBLE ACROSTIC.—1. Faith. 2. Eternity. 3 Ararat. 4. Redemption. 5. Nathan. 6. Orion. 7. Triumph. 8. Pride. 9. Affection. 10. Union. 11. Love.—"Fear not Paul" (Acts 27: 24).

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